CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. LISK, Publisher

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN

The air cocktail is cheap. The headacheless feature also commends it.

What fun Japan is storing up for herself in "investigating" her heroes after the war is over!

Residents of Port Arthur can practice economy in one direction. They do not need to buy alarm clocks.

Among those who think a Derby isn't all they claim it to be is the lady whose beautiful train was stepped on.

There is a great deal of pretense in the culture of some people. They carry an imitation gold case in a chamois bag.

They are passing around the doctor of letters degree more freely than usual this season. It makes a very pretty boutonniere.

It's a queer thing that champion Jeffries, after surviving all the perils of championship prize fights, should be disabled at baseball.

"Does your lawn mower need sharpening?" asks an advertiser, in big, large type. Of course it does. All lawn mowers always do.

Mr. Carnegie declares that he has prospered because of his ability to employ men cleverer than himself. Such modesty seems too good to be true.

Miss Carl's portrait of Tsi An makes the dowager empress look quite young and handsome. This shows how kind-hearted a girl the young American artist is.

The pounding of the hammer and the scrape of the trowel and the clink of the riveter are the chief sounds that now greet the ears of visitors to Baltimore.

The Sultan of Turkey has received another protest from the powers in regard to the Armenian atrocities. Like the other 41,144 protests, it has been placed on file.

If the ministers of Cincinnati stick to their intention of telling the truth about the deceased in all cases, a good many of their fellow-citizens will be afraid to die.

Rear Admiral Sigsbee cabled from San Domingo to the navy department as follows: "Revolution now ended." He carelessly neglected, however, to mention which one.

One of the amiable professors of Chicago university announces that hell is not a fact, merely a condition. But when the condition is sizzling, what's the odds about the fact?

The newspaper correspondents in the field with the Japanese army have submitted a round-robin protest to the staff, and in all probability the staff knows precisely what to do with it.

Two New York amusement managers have just signed a contract with Edouard de Reszke for a tour of sixty concerts in this country next season, just as if they had never heard of Patti.

According to the pure food authorities, much of the raspberry jam of commerce is composed of syrup of apple cores, aniline dye and hayseed. It is almost as base a deceiver as maple syrup.

The directors of the Yale library announce that they have a fragment of a lost tragedy by Æschylus or Sophocles in a package of papyrus fragments lately found in Egypt. More trouble for the students.

An esteemed contemporary raises the question of how to distinguish between poison ivy and Virginia creeper. One sure way is to rub the face and hands thoroughly with the suspect and note results.

Perhaps in the scientific assertion that a man's beard is the home and haunt of countless harmful microbes there is some comfort for the youth who is trying desperately to raise a small mustache and can't.

According to a London newspaper "nothing remains for Kuropatkin but to stake his all upon one last wild fling of the iron dice." Previous to writing this the author must have taken one last wild fling at a dope bottle.

When the liberty bell was in Minneapolis the public schools were dismissed and the Rapid Transit company gave each of the 35,000 children a free ride to view the bell and return. That was better than any lesson in history that the children may have missed.

We read with delight that Alfred Austin anonymously sent a one-act play to a London theater-manager a while ago which the manager thought was capital and which he has accepted. It's such a pleasure to learn that Alfred can write something.

"Hereafter," says a contemporary, "the average man will examine the life rafts and life preservers before he trusts himself on an excursion steamer." Probably not. The careful man may do so, but the average man will continue to take things for granted.

IRELAND'S BEAUTIFUL SCENERY

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

On the occasion of his visit to Galway last fall I heard King Edward say that "in his whole empire there was no scenery to equal, certainly none to surpass, in beauty and picturesqueness" what he had seen along the southwestern coast of Ireland. Those who have visited, as the writer did, that magnificent stretch of coast from Glengariff to Westport by coach will agree with the king's estimate of this charming region.

The natural beauty of this western lake land is greatly enhanced by the historical associations, especially of a religious character, that still haunt its rifled shrines and ruined castles. But there are two of these ruins which more than all the rest deserve the earnest attention of every visitor who loves the ancient glories of Ireland—

In Their Own Doorway.

I mean the Abbey of Cong, on Lough Corrib, and the Abbey of Inismaine on Lough Mask.

It is not to be wondered at that a land so rich in nature's choicest gifts should have been the battleground of warring races and the choicest prize of conquering kings. And such it was in very truth from the morning prime of Ireland's story almost down to our own times. The undulating plain between the lakes is dotted over with the burial mounds and monumental pillar stones of the warriors who fell in the first great battle between hostile races recorded in Irish history; that is, the famous battle of Moytura.

There is one grand monument still remaining in "proud defiance of all-conquering time"—Carn Eochy, which is undoubtedly the grave mound of the Belgic King Eochy, who was slain on the third day of the fight. It overlooks Lough Mask and Inismaine and is one of the finest monuments of its kind to be found anywhere in Ireland. It was raised over the dead warrior by his devoted followers more than 3,000 years ago and it is likely to last at least 3,000 years more. Every other work of human hands around has either totally disappeared or is a shapeless ruin, but the grand old monument of the Firbolgic king seems to be as enduring as the lakes and mountains of the west.

Let me return to the two famous abbeys. The primitive Monastery of Inismaine was founded about one hundred years before the great Monastery of Cong. This latter was begun about the year 627. It came about in this way: There was a very famous saint called Feichin, a native of Leyney, in the County Sligo, who flourished during the first sixty years of the seventh century. He founded several monasteries in his native district of which the most celebrated was the Monastery of Ballisodare, four miles south of Sligo. While Feichin was sojourning with his monks an angel came in sleep to tell him that it was God's will that he should journey to a certain island of the ocean, situated in the extreme west of Connaught, called Imaidh, now Omey, to preach to the half-pagan natives.

The saint set out with a few of his disciples and made his way to Omey from Westport, I think, where he at once proceeded to build his little church and a few cells for himself and his disciples. The church is still there, nearly covered at times with the blown sand. But it was hard work to build it, for the natives received the saint and his monks badly, and during the night they used to steal their few tools and throw them into the sea-lake close at hand. But God did not forget his own, for angels brought back the tools in the morning. Then the islanders would give them no food, so that Feichin and his monks were nearly all starved—two of them, it is said, perished of want, but were restored to life at the prayers of the saint. Then Guair, Knight of Connaught, hearing of their sore plight, sent them food for their needs, and a silver cup with other good things to the saint himself which, says the writer of the Life of St. Feichin, is preserved to the present day, and is called Guach Feichin, Feichin's Goblet. But true zeal always conquers, and in the end the islanders were all converted and baptized; their little church became the parish church of the large parish of Omey, which has ever since fondly cherished the memory of its patron saint.

These two abbeys, even in their ruins, proclaim the excellence of Irish art in the Middle Ages. There is nothing in stone to surpass the cloister of Cong, with all its pure and graceful lines, and the infinite variety and delicacy of its ornamentation. And no less admirable are the windows and doorways of Inismaine, and also the foliated sculptures of the capitals of its noble chancel arch now, alas, in great part overthrown. But I would say to the traveler in Ireland, visit these places, examine them not hurriedly, but leisurely and carefully. Let the eye and the mind drink in their beauty by thoughtful, patient observation. Take in the whole scene and its surroundings; in the present and, if you can, in the past, when kings and prelates and monks and scholars trod these silent cloisters; when royal maidens touched their harps in tones responsive to their own sweet Gaelic songs; when the vesper bell woke the echoes around those pleasant waters; when the voice of prayer and praise rose seven times a day from the lips and hearts of holy men behind those chancel arches; when the hospice was ever open to the poor and the stranger; when many a sinful soul came to find pardon and peace among the blessed Brotherhood of God.

Part of Inismaine Ruins.

Oldest Settler at Exposition.

Frederick Saugrain, the oldest living native of the Louisiana purchase territory, is attending the meetings of the American Surgical society in St. Louis. He is the only surviving child of Dr. Antoine Francois Saugrain, who was known as "the first scientist of the Mississippi valley."

Weed Out the Poor Sheep.

Ewes intended to be used in the flock must be only of the best, wisely selected for the object in view, says W. W. Cooper. The flock is now well established, and should be kept well weeded out, only the best representatives of the breed being retained. This system wisely followed for a number of years will tend to establish in a higher degree the uniformity of the flock. The poorer ones may be culled out and fed for the block. In no case are they to be retained or sold for breeding purposes. Scrubs will appear in the best of flocks at intervals, through freaks in breeding; consequently, one requires to be ever on the watch. Much can be accomplished in the successful management of sheep along these lines. It is a matter of some importance to have your flock well at all times. Something can be done in this regard to add to their already good form, by dressing and trimming the wool from time to time. This remark applies more particularly to the Down breeds. A fine, smooth appearance is presented to the eye on the surface of back and sides. It is always to the advantage of a breeder to have his stock look well at all times and seasons of the year. A flock well kept is always to be preferred to one such as is too often seen, showing the appearance of neglect. Sheep are very unsightly when not cared for properly, but when in a healthy condition and well looked after there are no other animals of the farmyard more worthy of your profound admiration.

Good Breeding Stock.

Very few men can make money out of hogs if they have poor breeding stock. It may be that here and there a man can raise scrubs and make money out of them, but it has to be under conditions where the feed costs practically nothing. That is not the circumstances under which most of our readers are raising swine. With them the competition with other breeders is strong, and feed has to be purchased often at a very high price. This high-priced feed must be put into an animal that can make the most possible out of it in a short time, and this is the reason why good breeding stock only is safe for the farmer on high-priced land. Then the farmer must have good breeding swine because he wants animals that will give him numerous progeny. It is safe to buy sows from men that make a business of breeding and who consequently feed their animals in a way to give them both strong bone and muscle. Such animals have vitality and tend to produce a large number of pigs rather than the small litters that some are in the habit of bringing forth every year. It is no easy matter to secure the kind of stock a man needs. A good many herds will need to be looked over before the purchases are made. The good animals will cost considerably more than the poor ones, but, for the foundation of a herd, the expensive ones are likely to prove the cheapest in the long run.

Spraying a Preventive, Not a Cure.

The man that believes in spraying should spray whether there seems the least call for it or not. Spraying does not make up for losses already sustained from the attacks of fungi or insects. It will not cause new leaves to grow where the old ones have been eaten off, and it will not cause the fruit to improve after it has been shrunken by reason of being deprived of food that the leaves failed to elaborate, they having been destroyed by either insects or fungi. Some of our most enterprising horticulturists have accomplished wonders by simply spraying, on the principle that they would thus insure themselves against the presence of their enemies in the fruit orchard. Their trees have responded remarkably—so well indeed that they have been led to believe that previously their trees were assailed far more seriously by insects and fungous pests than had been supposed. There is no other way to spray successfully. The man that does not spray till the leaves of his trees are eaten up by insects, or till they have turned brown from the attacks of fungi, will pronounce spraying to be a failure.

Tests with Oats.

The Farm Crops Department of the Iowa Agricultural College is making a test on the College farm of 29 of the leading varieties of oats. In addition to the test, Prof. W. H. Olin of this Department, has arranged with Mr. A. E. Cook of the Brookmont Farm, Odebolt, Iowa, for a co-operative test on a large scale of three of the varieties of oats best adapted to Iowa conditions. Six hundred acres have been seeded to oats on the Brookmont Farm for this experiment. One variety has been selected as the best oats for feeding horses and as a heavy yielder. A second variety has been selected to meet the demands for a choice milling oats and samples of the crop will be submitted to the great oat meal combination to be tested for milling. A third variety was selected for good feeding qualities and high yields, it having shown a yield of 102 bushels per acre on large fields. Prof. Olin will make a careful study of the habits of growth of these varieties, their yield and adaptation to Iowa soils; and will report through press bulletins.

OLDEST OF LIBEL SUITS.

One in England Has Been in Court for Nearly a Century.

There is a libel case between the postoffice authorities and the Times standing unheard for nearly 100 years. It seems that in 807 the Times bitterly attacked the postoffice, and the occasion of its attack was as follows: In these days the postal authorities acted not merely as carriers of letters and the like, but there was a news agency in connection with the department, and this news agency charged the sum of £100 to each newspaper in the kingdom for the supply of a brief summary of foreign news daily. In order to encourage this side of their business the heads of the postoffice of that time conceived the brilliant notion of delaying foreign newspapers in order that news services might not suffer from competition. This went on for a time, until the Times got to hear of it, and a bitter and a not undeserved attack was the consequence. The postoffice replied by the service of a writ for libel, and it was considered to be desirable to say nothing more about it. But the function of supplying the summary of news was soon discontinued by the department.

TO DEAL WITH DIFFICULTIES.

Writer's Sage Advice Is to Meet Them with Boldness.

It makes great difference how you approach a difficulty. Obstacles are like wild animals. They are cowards, but they will bluff you if they can. If they see you are afraid of them, if you stand and hesitate, if you take your eye from theirs, they are liable to spring upon you, but, if you do not flinch, if you look them squarely in the eye, they will slink out of sight. So difficulties flee before absolute fearlessness, though they are very real and formidable to the timid and hesitating, and grow larger and larger and more formidable with vacillating contemplation.—Orison Swett Marden, in Success.

Alone.

Alone when the day is dawning,
Alone when the night dews fall;
Under the veil at the bridal,
Under the gloom of the pall,
Behind impenetrable barriers
To work out its life of dole,
From its first faint cry till the hour to die
Is the doom of each mortal soul.

First tender thoughts of the mother
Who brings us forth in pain,
As she looks in the eyes of her offspring
Some clew to its soul to gain,
"Of what is my baby thinking,
With that gaze intent and wise?"
But ever remains the mystery,
And never a voice replies.

Alone is the child in his sorrow
Over the broken toy;
Alone is the stricken lover,
Mourning a vanished joy;
Alone is the bride at the altar,
Alone the bridegroom stands,
With his hidden life between them,
That—and their plighted hands.

Alone lies the wife, with the canker
Of blighted hope in her heart;
Alone is the husband dreaming
Of balked ambition's smart;
And so from the birth to the burial,
From the first to the latest breath,
In crowded streets, on lonely steeps,
The soul goes alone till death.
—Francis R. Haswin, in Boston Transcript.

Powerful Love Philter.

What a world of misery would be saved if other wives who are annoyed by similar possibilities would follow the advice given to a young woman who thought she was losing her husband's affection. She went to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love powder. The mystery woman told her: "Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat, about an inch thick. Slice an onion in two and rub the meat on both sides with it. Put on pepper and salt and toast it on each side over a red coal fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsley, and get him to eat it." The young wife did so, and her husband loved her ever after.

Why Korea Has No Bicycles.

A missionary who has resided in Korea says the Koreans are particularly fond of a "tall" story. He once asked a venerable Korean why his people did not use the bicycle. "We had a bicycle once," was the reply of the patriarch. "It was invented by one of our great men about 700 years ago. It had two mechanisms, a going out and a coming home mechanism. But one day the mother of the inventor, in order to test the joys of cycling, stole the machine and rode off on it. Unfortunately, however, she did not take the coming-home mechanism, and since then," added the old man, "Korea has not had a bicycle."

Despise Japanese Delicacy.

Travelers say that there is a certain indefinable, unnamable smell peculiar to Japanese steamships that makes life on board of them not worth living. It has been traced to "daikon," a large leaved vegetable as dear to the Japanese palate as cabbage to the Teutonic. It is a kind of white radish, boiled and cut in strips and served in everything. "The smell and flavor are repulsive beyond anything the East has offered to our senses," says a correspondent.

His Letter of Introduction.

Clarence King wrote from San Francisco to John Hay the following letter of introduction some years ago: "My Dear John: My friend, Horace F. Cutter, in the next geological period will go east. It would be a catastrophe if he did not know you. You will 'swarm in,' as the Germans say, when you meet. Lest I should not be there to expose Mr. Cutter's alias, I take this opportunity to divulge to you that the police are divided in opinion as to whether he is Socrates or Don Quixote. I know better—he is both."

Dirty Water Troughs and Stagnant Water.

Sometimes the milk gets a flavor in it that is not relished, but the cow owner is unable to discover the reason for it. Good authorities on cow feeding declare that it is possible for the drinking water to be the cause. Others will dispute this; but in any event it is an open subject, and the water may fairly well be under suspicion. We do know, at least, that water does sometimes contain substances that cause sickness among cows, and whenever a cow is sick her milk gets "off," whether anything passes directly through the cow and into the milk or not. We have published much against cows being allowed to drink dirty and stagnant water, but there is always something more to be said. We have seen old moss-grown watering troughs in the pastures that were never cleaned out from year to year. A wooden trough led back to some rill at the foot of a hill, and this perennial rill furnished water for the cows during all the summer. The water consisted largely of the rain water that had fallen on the land and reached the trough after being laden with much vegetable matter of various kinds. In the trough it lies under the hot sun, while the germs in its slimy deoth luxuriate and multiply, having for food the vegetable matter that the rill has brought from the hillside.

Even worse is the stagnant pond, for in it the cows can stand and can thus stir up its muddy depths, which indeed are not generally very deep. The old trough, bad as it is, has one virtue, in that the water is not only always running in, but also running out; and running water is supposed to have some virtue. The old pond does not supply enough water to keep its outlet open after the beginning of summer. Its only supply is the draining of the land with any disease germs the land may have received from any source. If the eggs of tapeworms have been dropped by other animals, as is sometimes the case, they find a ready access into the pond. As the summer heat becomes greater the surface of the pond sinks ever lower and lower, and the cows stand each day further out in the water. The warm water becomes alive with all kinds of water insects, and who shall say that it does not also become alive with vegetable growths, some of which are the organisms that manifest themselves as bovine diseases?

Both the dirty watering trough and the stagnant pond should be eleminated from the pasture. Good, pure water is the only kind that should be given to animals or humans. In these days of cheap windmills, there is no reason why every cow pasture should not have a supply of pure and safe water from some point.

Poor Feeding and Fat Percentage.

The question of feeding fat into milk has been long and heatedly debated. The experiment stations generally have demonstrated, by a multitude of tests, that a cow's capacity to produce butter-fat cannot be increased beyond the normal of that animal. On the other hand a few isolated cases of carefully tested cows have seemed to show that it was possible to feed butter-fat into milk. The problem has been recently attacked from another side, and the experiment tried of reducing the fat content of the milk by poor feeding. This has been accomplished both at home and abroad. Cows were fed on insufficient rations for a period of two weeks or more. In that time the average fat content of all the cows dropped from 4 per cent to 3.25 per cent of butter fat. This will explain some of the cases where it was claimed that the feeding of a richer ration increased the amount of butter fat. Cows that were too poorly fed had been used and naturally tended to come back to the normal of their capacity. The practical question, however, is not, if poorly fed cows can be made to give normal milk by normal feeding, but if cows that are being fed normally and are giving normal milk already can be forced to give abnormally rich milk by feeding a richer food than usual. We believe that it is well demonstrated that this cannot be done.

Be Clean.

It has been said that successful dairying can be summed up in two words, "Be clean." This is overdrawing it just a little, because, no matter how clean you keep the milk of a poor dairy cow, it will not be profitable. But as to the quality and flavor of butter, the truth is largely told in the two words given. It is easy enough to cure bad salting, bad coloring and bad working. The great struggle comes in trying to keep the milk, cream and butter clean. This is because dirt is almost universal. It is in the water, on the ground and in the air. It fastens itself to the cow's udder, her sides and her hair. It attaches itself to the hands of the milker and to his clothes. It gets into the milk as soon as it leaves the teats, and often it continues to add itself to the milk during all the processes of handling and of skimming. Dirt in this sense includes many things that ordinarily are not considered dirt, like the smells that arise from turnips, cabbages in the cellar and cooking vegetables and meats in the kitchen. To quarantine against these is a colossal task, too great to be accomplished by the lazy man or the man that does not think. That is why we have a few eminent dairymen and a good many that are failures.